

## FUN FROM THE FUNSMITHS.

## A Spring Catastrophe.

After the Trumbull avenue resident had answered an imperative call to the front door he returned to the bosom of his family, muttering between his teeth and looking like a thundercloud. No member of the household had the temerity to address him, so he took the initiative.

"See that man who called?" he glared about the room. No one rallied sufficient courage to answer. "Face looked like a cranberry patch. Peeled and scratched as though he had been under a procession of brush harrows. He's wearing smoked goggles and thinks he's liable to lose the sight of one eye. It all comes from that fool freak of yours to raise a crop of sweet peas," and he transixed the eldest daughter with a look of lightning flashes.

"Why, papa, what did that have to do with it?"

"Everything. He would be a well man to-day but for that. I told you that you couldn't raise flowers in the shade, but you think you know more than the whole agricultural college. I bought you a cartload of brush to stick the things with, but no, you must have wire netting. And of course, your mother stuck up for you. If you wanted a barbed-wire fence twelve feet high all around the premises to keep the cats out, she'd say that you must have it."

"I economized by buying that netting second-hand, and brought it home on a street car. A smasher on the back platform got tangled up in it and would have thrown me on the asphalt when we were going thirty miles an hour, if it hadn't been for the conductor."

"When I went to jump off at the cross-bus, the end of the jagged roll stuck out ahead of me, the poor fellow who was just at the door ran into it head first. It took three men to extricate him without ruining his ears, and I've just given him \$20 to set the damages. What makes me so hot as anything else is that we will have to buy

St. Peter and the Recording Angel done under one management, so as to save operating expenses. — Chicago Record-Herald.

## Fight on an Omnibus Top and Its Immediate Cause.

A Homeric struggle took place on the imperial of an omnibus yesterday. Three persons got on the omnibus at the Bourse; a big, stout man, of about 50, his wife, and a "vieux marcheur," who at once began to make eyes at the lady. At the Louvre the lady sprang to her feet and addressed the old beau as follows: "Ogle me, if you will, but don't pinch me!"

Every one laughed but the husband, wife and the aggressor. The big man stepped forward and struck "Don Juan" in the face. The conductor with much difficulty separated the belligerents, and the three were about to go to the Police Commissioner, when another lady addressed the outraged lady as follows:

"Why, it was my lobster!"

And so it proved, for the "insect's" claws protected from her basket, ready to do it again. — Math. Paris.

## Two of a Kind.

Jaggles: "What makes you think they are searching for the unattainable?"

Waggles: "His wife is seeking for something to remove superfluous hair, while he is looking for a prescription to grow hair on a bald head. — Judge."

## Time's Whirligig Again.

Attention is called to the fact that Peter Minnits came over here in 1826 and bought Manhattan Island for \$24.

How Time's whirligig has revolved since then.

To-day Peter Minnits couldn't buy a friendly wink from a New York Police Captain for that paltry sum. — Cleveland Plain Dealer.



QUO VADIS?

"Monsieur, your mother-in-law wishes to see you."

"All right; show her in."

## THE TRUE HISTORICAL STYLE.

Here is an extract from an unpublished historical novel based on revolutionary themes:

"The spy, for he was a spy, looked about him with eager eyes. Was he trapped? The room grew misty in the shadows. Night's sable curtains were falling. Had he been seen to enter?"

He was quite alone. The smoldering logs were fitfully sputtering on the Louis Quinze hearth. The little flames they sent forth threw patches of light on the colonial table, on the Queen Anne sideboard and on the tall Mayflower clock in the duskiest corner. He was quite alone.

"Odds bodikins," he hoarsely murmured, "but it was a close call! Mine would have been a short shift and they had caught me. That was a parious wretch who halted me beyond the village green. I more than half suspect the knave holds me to be other than I am. Peste, but it is an ungodly calling! And now to hide the papers in the place agreed upon."

He lifted a brick from the tessellated hearth and laid a packet beneath it. As he rose to his feet he sighed heavily.

"Beshrew me well," he muttered, "if by to-morrow night at this very hour the rebel

Washington and all his hireling jays be not in our hands!"

He turned away when a smothered laugh broke upon the stillness. The spy whirled about. The cold perspiration stood upon his brow.

"Death!" he gasped. "What is it?" The beating of his heart fairly jarred a priceless Lely from the wall. But in a moment he rallied.

"May the foul fiend fly away with my nerves!" he cried. "I'm all unstrung. And now to steal forth." He moved cautiously forward and his fingers closed upon the sixteenth century door latch. "Ha, ha," he chuckled, "the road is clear!"

"Halt!" cried a terrible voice. The spy touched down in terror.

Then a most surprising thing happened. The tall old clock in the corner suddenly took on life. It moved forward, its face became a human face, its hands were human hands, its antique case resolved itself into a cloak. The spy looked up at the majestic form before him with a shiver of horror.

"Malediction!" he howled. "It is Washington himself!"

He was right.

The Father of His Country straightened

his cocked hat as he stared down upon the cowering wretch.

"What ho, within there!" he cried in his magnificent voice. "Bring lights."

A moment later a continental Sergeant in full uniform entered bearing a Louis XIII candelabra.

"Did you ring, General?" he asked. "Sergeant Mullins," said the General without heeding the interruption, "take this wretch away. He is a spy and must be dealt with as such. At dawn to-morrow you will bring him forth and shoot him behind the cow shed."

"Pardon me, General," said the gruff old Sergeant, "but I think it would be more apt to be fatal if we shot him in the chicken yard."

"Very well," said the General, "shoot him anywhere you please so long as you reach the right spot. Away with him!"

A long sigh exhaled from the General's lips as the door closed behind the spy and his jailer.

A shaded sadness crossed his splendid features.

"Such is war," he murmured. "And that man is my mother's second cousin, twice removed—and I have condemned him to an ignoble death," he faintly murmured.

Then leaning heavily on the mantel he slowly added:

"But I do it all for thee, my country; I do it all for thee!" — Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## Jeannie.

Do you think of the days that are gone, Jeannie,

As you sit by your fire at night? Do you wish that the morn would bring back the time

When your heart and your step was so light? I think of the days that are gone, Robin,

And of all that I joyed in then; But the fairest that ever arose on me I have never wished back again.

Do you think of the hopes that are gone, Jeannie,

As you sit by your fire at night? Do you gather them up as faded fast, Like buds with an early blight?

I think of the hopes that are gone, Robin, And I mourn that their stay was so fleet, For they fell as the leaves of the red rose fall,

And were ever in falling sweet. Do you think of the friends that are gone, Jeannie,

As you sit by your fire at night? Do you wish they were round you again once more, By the hearth that they made so bright?

I think of the friends that are gone, Robin, They are dear to my heart, as then, But the best and the dearest among them all I have never wished back again.

His Papa's Charges.

A well-known physician residing on the South Side tells a story of a bright boy, his own, who had reached the mature age of 9 after an early career marked by many wild and mischievous pranks.

His restless nature had made him something of a torment to his teacher at times, and one afternoon not long ago he kept him in after the others were dismissed and had a serious talk with him. Perhaps she was a little afraid that her admonitions were falling on stony ground. Anyway, she finally said:

"I certainly will have to ask your father to come and see me."

"Don't you do it," said the boy. The teacher thought she had made an impression.

"Yes," she repeated, "I must send for your father."

"You better not," said the boy. "Why not?" inquired the teacher.

"Cause he charges \$2 a visit," said the scamp. — Exchange.

A Comparison.

I'd rather lay out here among the trees, With the singing birds and bumblebees, A-knocking that I can do as I please, Than to live with folks call a life of ease Up there in the city.

For I really don't 'actly understand Where the comfort is for any man In walkin' hot bricks and usin' a fan, And enjoyin' himself as he says he can, Up there in the city.

It's kinder lonesome, maybe you'll say, A-livin' out here day after day In this kinder easy, careless way, But an hour out here's better'n a day Up there in the city.

As for that, just look at the flowers aroun' A-peepin' their heads up all over the groun', And the fruit a-bendin' the trees way down; You don't see such things as these in town, Or, rather in the city.

As I said afore, such things as these—The flowers, the birds and the bun'n bees—And a-livin' out here among the trees, Where you c'n take your ease an' do's you please, Make it better'n the city.

Now, all the talk don't mount to snuff 'Bout this kinder life a-bein' rough; An' I'm sure it's plenty good enough, An' 'tween you and me, 'tain't as tough As livin' in the city.

Mrs. Mock: "Bridget, I am greatly grieved because you will not work for the longer; why are you going?"

Bridget: "Well, you want me to get a bad lot of money, an' faith, I won't stand it at all, at all." — Ohio State Journal.

"You want to see with the light," said a man to a woman who was blind.

"Well, if I had to go with the light, I'd go with the light." — Chicago Record-Herald.

## POETRY FROM THE TYPEWRITER.

## The Opening Day.

"Play ball!" Again the cry goes up From where the umpire stands, And forward strides a husky chap, A willow in his hands.

A sphere of horseshoe cleaves the air Like missile from a gun; The batsman swings and looks amazed, The umpire says: "Strike one!"

Again the batsman makes his pose, The pitcher throws a fit; Then with the bat the ball collides, And thousands cheer the hit.

The rooters yell till they are hoarse, The cranks their score-cards dot, While peepers at the knotholes smile, And those who bet wax hot.

Another husky chap appears, And at the pitcher grins; Again the ball is fiercely banged, And to the shortstop spins.

Two men are sprinting down the lines, While watching thousands shout; A rapid double play is made— The umpire calls both out.

Then from all sides come boots and jeers, And howls of rage and grief; The rooters at the umpire scowl, And join in shouts of "Three strikes!"

There's a ace among the bleacherites, In grand stand there's a kick; And urchins on the fence-top yell: "Say, swipe dat empire, quick!"

The storm is hushed, the game proceeds, Though oft the umpire's jeered; The ball is banged, and thrown, and tossed And players oft are cheered.

The rooters' spirits rise and fall, Who cranks note every play, And if the game ends well all join In one great, glad "Hooryay!"

The season's on and now for months All hands will talk baseball, And pennant hopes will often rise,

## The Meion Race.

Oh, de watermillun vine In a-runnin' me a race, But I knowa wha he a-gwine— I familar wid de place!

Den it's good times, En good times, En wear de amilin' face!

Oh, de watermillun vine In a-runnin' me a race, But I watchin' wha he gwine, En I whetten'er my knifa.

Den it's good times, En good times, En glory in yo' life!

—Atlanta Constitution.

The Brief Time.

Brief time to sing, my dearie—brief time to sing and sigh; We only say good morning, and then good night—good-by!

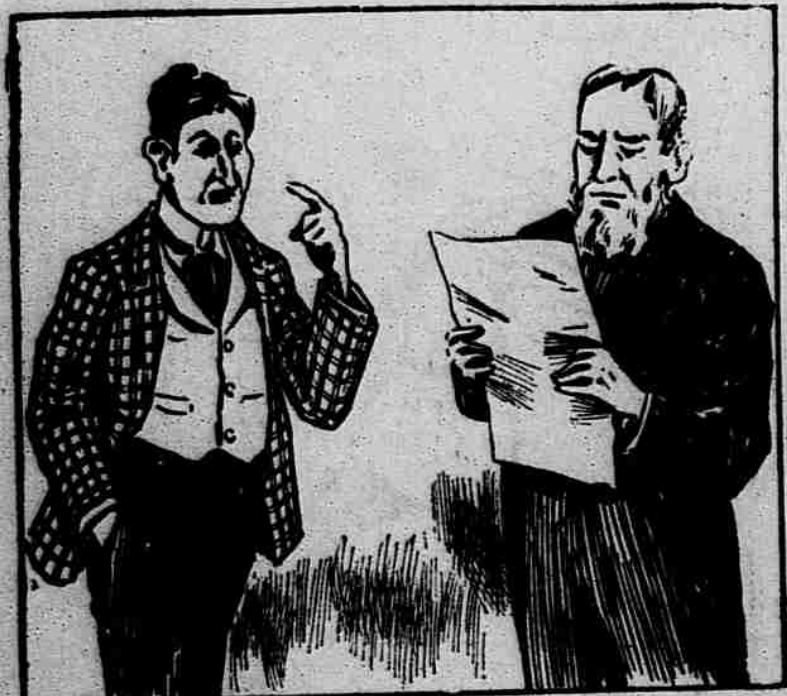
The shadow in the sunlight o'er all the wide world floors, A moon is in the music—the blight is in the bloom.

Brief time to love, my dearie, in spring-time's rosy beam; To drink the honey-sweetness—to dream the old, sweet dream;

The shadow in the sunlight moves to the breath of sighs And unseen a-rites ever him down our dreaming eyes.

Oh, dreams, like phantoms flying where our shadows throng! Oh, life too brief for sighing, and life too brief for song!

And the green world at our feet, dear, and overhead the sky



Employer: "At the end of this letter, which I am to sign, you have written 'Yours Truly.' I should think you might have written 'Yours Truly.'"

Clerk: "Because me, sir, but it was just then 12 o'clock." — Filigree Blatter.

our worst best this summer, just as we have always done." — Detroit Free Press.

The Irish Long and Short of It.

An Irishman wanted to have a note dictated about Christmas. The bank officers objected to the long time it had run. The Irishman said: "But, then, you don't consider how short the days are at this time of the year."

No Market.

"Well, Kayton, were you successful in introducing your breakfast food among the Parliament?"

"Far from it. Why, those gay Parisians sleep so late that they don't get any breakfast." — Chicago News.

Couldn't Help Seeing It.

"Did you see Broadway when you were in New York?" asked the farmer's wife of her husband, on his return home.

"Oh, yes," was the reply; "I ran across it the first day I was there." — Yorkers Statesman.

Expedient Things.

"Darling," exclaimed the happy man, the next moment. "I never dared hope you would accept me."

"I'll explain," said Miss Larkside. "I consulted a fortune-teller the other day, and she told me my second marriage would make me very happy and wealthy so, of course, I had to get my first marriage over with." — Philadelphia Press.

No Remorse Left.

Pontoon: "Why, how could you break off your engagement with him?"

Pontoon: "We were seated together." — Detroit Free Press.

Where Were They?

Mrs. Jones: "I am sorry I could not come along with Harry to your house last night."

"What! Wasn't my husband at your house all last evening?"

"And those few words led to a revelation which Jones and Brown will have trouble to explain." — Ohio State Journal.

Someone has stolen the telescope," reported the astronomer yesterday.

"That can't be an easy thing to look up," said the dean, and the astronomer professor, in deep bond, laughed comically.

Building of Conventions.

When J. Pierpont Morgan gets to heaven he will probably want the work of Gabriel.

AT A REHEARSAL.

Stage Manager: "Do remember, do remember, play something by Mark." — The Stage.

Man falling from third-story!

"Say, Mr. Insurance Man, I want myself insured!" — Le Hir.

## THE OVERZEALOUS WATCHDOG.



"Crape on your hat, Monsieur! You've suffered some misfortune!"

"Not at all! I'm a widower, that's all!" — Polichinelle.

And often take a fall, And to the front again now comes The old, familiar bore, Who never goes to see a game, But asks about the score.

—Lewisohn Journal.

Negro Jubilee Song.

"Jonah gone a-bahin'— Sad on solum mo'nor; Thought he gwine ter ketch a whale—

Whale, he swallow Jonah; 'Moses in de bullrush, Tide a-comin' in; But for Pharaoh's daughter, Whar would Moses been?"

"Lot's wife, she so curious, Fushin fer de fault; But fer Kunnel Lot's wife Whar would we git salt?"

The Joys of Wealth.

I crave the joys that wealth may bring, I, too, would fain, Cease toiling and go journeying, Care-free, across the main.

I long to go, some day, and gaze Upon the scenes that Virgil knew, And walk along the sacred ways That Shakespeare haunted through.

I crave the freedom wealth bestows, I long for rest, I long for all the pleasure those Whom Fortune favors best.

May riot in from day to day; I long to put my work away, And see, care-free, From trouble, as the wealthy may, To splendid luxury.

But joys that riches bring shall ne'er be mine, if I must know That for my pleasure there Are others ground below!

Ah, do they never think who loiter At leisure as they please Of those poor ones that work for all The idlers' luxuries?

—S. E. Kiser.

Seasonable Sentiments.

Along here, the Johnny-jump-ups are preparing for their jump; The climbing morning glories find a pathway round the stump;

The gleaming dandelions scatter yellow polka dots Across the robe of Nature, and the poet finds his thoughts

With "dreaming daffodil whippers" and a yard or so of rhyme; And the meek and lowly onion comes a dozen for a dime.

Along here, the lovely ladies go a-hunting through the town, Inspecting every vacant house, and roaming up and down;

The man who owns the moving van—his lucky fate he thanks; And does the very best he can to fill up all the blanks;

The milkman turns his cows upon the pastures fresh and green, And overhauls his pump again, with countenance serene.

Sing hi, it's quite spring again—we know it, one and all— That third feeling holds us each within its lazy thrall;

The frying chicken makes its bow—the dearest of the price; The honey locusts come as with his ringing shout of "Joy!"

The tailor and the better give your pocket-book a tune, For the gentle Johnny-jump-up is preparing for its jump.

—Baltimore American.

And love that says good morning, only to weep good-by!

—Frank L. Stanton.

Deficient Education.

I'm really sorry for the man Who's bred to idleness, He passes through life's little span A picture of distress.

Alas, he may not even know What joy it is to think, He is indeed a man of woe Who hasn't learned to work.

But madder is the busy one Who hurries through this life And never stops to think of fun Amid the bustling strife.

He is the mournfullest of men— He sees him every day— Who looks like looking now and then, But doesn't know the way.

—Washington Star.

The Length of Time.

Sixty questions make an hour, One for every minute, And Noddy tries, with all his might, To get more questions in.

Sixty questions make an hour, And as for a reply, The wisest sage would stand aghast, At Noddy's searching "Why?"

Sixty questions make an hour, And childhood hours are brief; So Noddy has no time to waste, No pauses for relief.

Sixty questions make an hour, Presto, why, where is Ned? Alas! he's gone, and in his place A question point has been set.

—Friedrich Leonard in the Churchman.

Faith.

Faith frames its own fair sky; And like the lark unspools; There is no heaven too high For Faith's unwavering wings!

—F. L. S.

At the Circus.

Mistress: "I wouldn't hold the baby so near the tiger's cage, Nora."

Nora the nurse: "There's no risk, mam. Th' tiger's a 'man-eater,' an' th' child is a gur-rl." — Chicago News.

On Brief Acquaintance.

"Miss Beatrice-Ree," began Mr. French, "Pardon me," she answered, "but you mustn't call me 'Ree.'"

"Why not?" he asked. "Because you have known me but a very short time, and—"

"But 'Ree' is a very short name." — Philadelphia Record.

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